

# WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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PRICE, ONE PENNY.

## Mammon.

I prayed, and cried, "O God, I would have  
sight  
Of that dark Power, unseen of thought-  
less eyes,  
Whose strong delusions and veiled sor-  
ceries  
In earth, make right seem wrong, and dark-  
ness light!"  
Then I was led, by ways that pierce  
through night,  
To a hell-lighted cavern where he plies—  
That Prince, wound in whose mesh the  
whole world lies.  
And one said, "Ask; God bid him speak  
aright."  
"Tell me thy race," I cried, "My sire is  
Greed,  
My dam is Ignorance; in skill of wrong  
Fraud and Fear tutored me; for my lust's  
needs  
I grind the weak and grovel to the  
strong.  
Nations of lost souls, ruined empires, tell  
The labours of the subtlest lord in hell!"  
—Exchange.

## The Passing Show.

Last week the workers of Sydney cele-  
brated "Eight Hours Day" with trumpets  
sounding, banners waving, and a great pro-  
cession of craft unionists.

The procession was the greatest yet held.  
It was a triumphal march of victorious  
workers who celebrated the attainment of  
all their ambitions—Eight Hours Work and  
Eight Hours Pay.

The weather was perfect, and the music  
and the many colored banners all tended  
to elevate the spirits of the workers and im-  
pel them for the nonce to abandon care and  
jubilate over the short hours they had to  
work on other days and the pay they re-  
ceived for the work they performed.

It was a great victory, people said, the  
establishment of this Eight Hour Principle,  
and as Thorold Rogers says of the English  
unionists, so we may say of the Australian  
on this occasion, they were "singularly,  
generously oblivious of past ill-usage, and  
the institutions to which their fathers owed  
the miseries deliberately inflicted on their  
lot."

They were even so "generously oblivious  
of past ill-usage" that they turned the pro-  
cession to some extent into an advertising  
pageant of their masters' wares and donned  
the comic dresses of their trades to make  
sport for the "crowd."

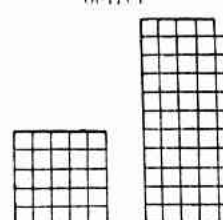
The "crowd" laughed, and one wondered  
what it laughed at. Did it laugh at the  
amusing antics of those who good-naturedly  
set themselves to amuse them, or did it  
laugh at the processionists being used as a  
gigantic advertisement by the master class?

There is generally more in a crowd than  
the casual observer sees. "The crowd," says  
Aristotle, one of the wisest interpreters of  
ancient political forces under the clearest  
circumstances in which they have ever been  
estimated, "makes better general judgments  
than any individual whatsoever. It is in  
the main incorruptible. Like a sheet of  
water, the multitude is less liable to sinister  
influences than the few, for when the indi-  
vidual is influenced by passion or any similar  
impulse, his judgment must be distorted,  
while it is hard for all collectively to be led  
by passion or to err."

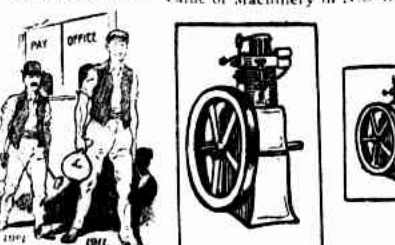
There is a good deal of truth in those  
few words of Aristotle's, and perhaps the  
"crowd" which watched the Eight Hours  
Procession did not "err" when it laughed to  
see the procession led by politicians and  
Labor leaders fresh from a banquet adorned  
by Vice-Royalty—the State head of Capital-  
ism, and by being used as an advertise-  
ment by the class to which "their fathers  
owed the miseries deliberately inflicted on  
their lot."

The "crowd" may have recognised,  
though the processionists seemed not to do  
so, that though the unionists had inscribed  
on their banners various mottoes eulogising  
the Eight Hours' principle and the Eight  
Hours' pay, the master class also had its

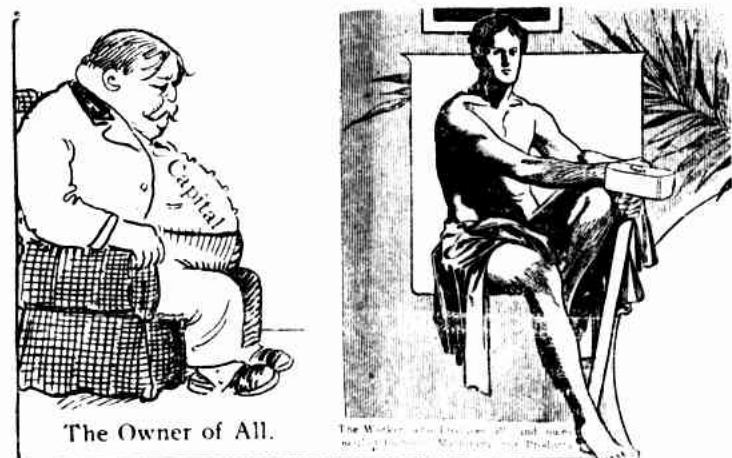
VALUE OF N.S.W. FACTORY  
OUTPUT



WORKERS AND MACHINERY Value of Machinery in N.S.W.



1901 £25,000,000 1912 £54,000,000 1901 £5,550,725 1912 £12,521,072



How the Worker fares with advancing Production.

With acknowledgements to Sydney Daily Telegraph.

advertisement of the fact that it does not  
pay for eight hours' work.

Unlookers are said to see most of the  
game, and those who watched the great  
Eight Hours' Procession could not help  
seeing that while the workers were demon-  
strating their strength, and celebrating  
their victory, the masters were demonstrat-  
ing the barrenness of the victory by the ex-  
istence of surplus value.

Not only in the workers' procession was  
the establishment of Surplus Value advertised,  
but throughout the city, in the shop win-  
dows, and in the Press, the fact was being  
made manifest that while the worker works  
eight hours in the fond belief that he is paid  
for eight, he is paid for two hours only, the  
rest of his day's work going to increase the  
fund of Surplus Value taken by his masters.

While the workers were celebrating Eight  
Hours' Day, the master class was celebrat-  
ing "Manufacturers' Day," or as some  
people termed it, "Australia Day." The  
idea of this celebration was to impress the  
public with the quality and quantity of the  
products of Australian labor, and the shop  
windows were dressed in the most attractive  
style with the handiwork of the factory  
hand, the farmer and the miner, the general  
body of whom had worked eight hours for  
two hours pay.

The daily Press was full of praise of the  
quality of the work performed by Australian  
workers, and the "Daily Telegraph" (Syd-  
ney) gave some striking illustrations of the  
wonderful development of the past few years  
in the quantity and value of the products of  
labor and machinery.

Some of the "Telegraph's" illustrations  
are used on this page to bring out certain  
facts which the Eight Hour Committee, and  
the workers they lead, together with the  
Press, are apt to miss. A short description  
of the illustrations will make them clear.

Reading from left to right, the first illus-  
tration shows that the value of N.S.W.  
factory output has grown from £25,000,000  
in 1901 to £54,000,000 in 1912. A mar-  
vellous increase truly, but its significance is  
not seen so clearly until the second illus-  
tration is considered.

In the second illustration the "Tele-  
graph" artist pictures the worker of 1901  
gaily leaving the office of his master with  
his little bag of wages amounting to  
£4,945,079, and leaving behind him in the  
bosses' office a little matter of over  
£20,000,000, a good deal of which sum can  
be identified as surplus value.

The same illustration shows the worker  
eleven years older, leaving the same old  
office with a much larger bag containing  
£10,044,494 in wages. A fine sum, as the  
"Telegraph" truly shows, but he leaves be-  
hind him in the bosses' office nearly  
£44,000,000. In 1901 he left the office with  
one-fifth of the value produced, and in 1912  
he left with a like amount.

Out of the four-fifths left in the office,  
the boss of course has many charges, such as  
the cost of raw material, buildings, and in-  
creased machinery. He has too, poor man,  
to "keep up appearances." He must have  
a fine house at Potts' Point or some other  
salubrious suburb, with yachts and motor  
cars, and something good in the cellar  
wherewith to entertain his visiting pals.

The worker, when he gets home with his  
little bag in 1912, and compares the "catch"  
with that of 1901, finds that his proportion  
is "much the same," but when he goes forth  
with Mrs. Demos to buy back some of the  
goods which he created and left with the  
boss to sell, he finds that their prices have  
unaccountably jumped from where they were  
in 1901. The price of goods has gone up,  
and the value of his sovereign has gone  
down. His wages buy less than they did in  
1901 and he has suffered a reduction. Still,  
undaunted, he determines to celebrate an  
Eight Hours' Day victory, and he does so  
with more enthusiasm than ever while  
the onlooking crowd laughs heartily.

The third illustration represents the de-  
velopment of machinery, the value of which  
has grown from £5,550,725 in 1901 to  
£12,521,072 in 1912, thus more than dou-  
bling itself in a little over a decade. This  
machine development will go on at an in-  
creasing rate in future, and being owned  
by the masters, will produce untold wealth  
for them, with the aid, of course, and appro-  
val of the workers who operate it. The  
workers own none of the machinery, and  
being quite content to let its ownership ac-  
cumulate in other hands, must make up  
their minds to allow it to be used by their  
exploiters against them. As machine pro-  
duction is developed and the worker is dis-  
placed, so will the owner of the machinery  
grow wealthy and fat.

The fourth illustration is of the owner of  
all the factories, machinery and wealth pro-  
duced. He is not of the "Telegraph's" crea-  
tion, but is a little interpolation of our  
own, introduced to make the processes of  
Capitalist production clear. He is a stout  
old gentleman, so made by too much idle-  
ness and too little work. He is so overbur-  
dened with fat from "high living" and lack  
of exercise that he can scarcely stand up,  
so he rests most of his time in his easy

chair, alternately cursing the gout and the  
labor unions. Socialists coldly suggest that  
a little work would do him good as a tonic.

The last illustration of all is that of the  
Worker, and the "Telegraph" artist has  
drawn him as he is, powerful of frame,  
glorious in his strength of limb, handsome of  
face and, withal, intelligent looking, but as  
naked almost as at birth. He owns neither  
factories, machinery nor products. He owns  
only what he stands up in, or, as the artist  
depicts him sitting, merely what he sits  
down in—a rag to cover him.

Yet in spite of the evidence of his senses,  
the worker joins unions, marches in proce-  
sion, banquets his bosses, votes for them at  
elections, and lives in the moonshine of hope  
that the future is for him.

The future is not for the contented wor-  
ker. It is not for the Eight Hour man, nor  
the Labor politician who is "too fond of  
Vice-Regal company." The future is either  
for one side or the other who are active par-  
ticipants in the great class struggle. The  
future is either for the master class which  
appropriates the surplus value created by  
labor, or it is for us who wage ceaseless, un-  
relenting, and uncompromising war against  
it.

With Thorold Rogers, we have had reason  
to believe that politics are the mere game of  
two hereditary and privileged parties, in  
which it signifies little which gets a tempo-  
rary ascendancy. We are convinced of the  
hollowness of political cries, and are under  
the impression that the public service is a  
phrase by which politicians mean private  
advantage. We have seen that Parliament  
is more busy in arbitrating between rival  
interests of a special character than in con-  
sidering the general good, and we call upon  
the workers to cease being led by political  
and industrial bell-wethers and rely upon  
themselves to secure the full reward for  
every hour they toil.

We are sure that they will do this; that  
economic pressure will compel them to  
emancipate themselves; and though we So-  
cialists of the present may be like those who  
cry unheeded in the wilderness, the workers  
as a whole, like Jonathan in the day of  
battle, will take the wild honey in the  
wood and find their eyes enlightened.

## DOCTORED AND DOCKED.

"Well, George," said the boss, "how goes  
it?"

"Fair to middlin, sir," replied George  
as he continued to curry the bay horse. "Me  
and this horse has worked for this com-  
pany for sixteen years."

"Is that so?" asked the boss. "Well, I  
suppose you are both valued, eh, George?"

"Well, I don't know exactly about both,  
but last week we both took sick, and they  
got a doctor for the horse, but me, they  
doctored my pay, docked it. Somehow it  
seems to me the horse has the advantage of  
me."

"Well, George, it's this way: The com-  
pany owns the horse, he's our property; but  
we only own your labour. This is a free  
country and you are a free man. You  
vote, but the horse does not. By the way,  
George, how will you vote in the coming  
election?"

"Oh, I always vote the straight old  
party ticket."

"That's right, George, always vote  
for those who own your job, and they'll do the  
rest."

But George couldn't stop trying to solve  
the question about the docked wages and  
the horse doctor. Strange he can't see,  
but he will in time.

—Rev. Geo. D. Coleman.

The whole capitalist process itself is  
based upon the organised discipline and co-  
ordination of the Labour-force applied to  
the machine. The very development of the  
machine process, by its intricacies and con-  
volutions, makes that proletarian discipline  
ever more necessary. To break the dis-  
cipline is to break the operation of the  
machine process, and that is to disturb the  
whole mechanism upon which the capitalist  
depends for his returns. This fact, work-  
ing upon the mind of the proletariat, has  
produced the modern phenomena of indus-  
trial unionism and the general strike, both  
of which are designed for the express pur-  
pose of interfering with the machine process  
in the interest of the associated labourers.



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H. E. MOLLAND, Editor.

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### The Class War.

While Australian Labor Politicians are vacantly talking of the danger of invasion by some unknown foreigner, events are happening under their noses that show that the workers of all countries have more to fear from their own countrymen than they have from any foreigner.

As Capitalism develops, the class struggle between the exploiters and the exploited becomes more keen. Both sides become increasingly class-conscious, determined, and bitter. The workers can see the rapid development and increase in the productivity of labor and machinery being utilized against them by the Capitalist class. They can see machine development promising to put power into the hands of humanity sufficient to do most of the laborious work at present being done by men and women, and they can see that, instead of the toil of all being lightened, the vast results are being annexed by a few, who, while rioting in idleness and luxury, callously leave the rest to be exterminated by poverty.

Seeing this, the workers have no choice but to revolt against conditions which promise extermination for the many and a paradise for the few. With the further development of machinery and the growth and centralisation of capital into fewer and fewer hands, this working-class revolt is spreading, and must spread until it assumes international proportions. What the upshot will be we Socialists know. We know for certain that revolution must come, and that in the end the social revolution will be accomplished. We sometimes, perhaps, scarcely appreciate the difficulties of the final battle or series of battles that have to be fought in the immediate future.

The Capitalists have their ideal just as Socialists have theirs; and the Capitalist ideal is not a co-operative commonwealth or any form of society in which the machinery of production shall be the common property of all. Judging by the way capitalists manage things at present, the ideal of the class is grounded in Malthusianism. Those who have no property and no work must die. Nature lays no plate for them at her table, and they must be left to their fate. As the ownership of nature's forces centres into fewer hands, the number who are forced from nature's table must increase, but the few must leave them to be exterminated by poverty and starvation. Already in highly developed countries like Britain there are millions being done to death by want, and the number is increasing. In Britain the best authorities agree that some twelve millions are living in want, while millions are deported to countries which are supposed to require immigrants. When those countries cease to absorb the surplus, the number exterminated by want will increase until further multiplication becomes impossible, and the working class becomes reduced to the mere few necessary to tend the national machinery and minister to its handful of owners.

Long before such an ideal is realised the Capitalists will call in the aid of eugenics to restrict the breeding of the degenerates and weaklings resulting from the process of deterioration by poverty and starvation, and this they will come to think a powerful factor in preventing needless suffering on the part of those who must be wiped out, and a safeguard for the society formed by the superman developed by Capitalism.

The facts around us everywhere point to this as the ideal of the Capitalists. They regard it as utterly hopeless—nay, mischievous—to attempt to do anything for those who are being destroyed by the development of machine production, and they are fighting against those who are proposing that something should be done. They are meeting the spirit of revolt, which is growing from below amongst the exploited, by progressive acts of lawlessness, legal coercion, and actual bloodshed. In all countries they are endeavouring to compel the workers to submit quietly to extinction, but if they do not submit quietly then force is used.

In Britain the seizure of Tom Mann and others will be fresh in readers' minds. In France the imprisonment of Herve and the persecution of Affin Roussel by the Capitalists indicate that the latter are not intending to loosen their hold of things without a

struggle. But of all countries perhaps America furnishes most evidence of the methods upon which Capitalists will rely to prolong their rule.

In the great Republic, where commercialism has been a national fetish for generations, civil war is raging.

In Lawrence, Mass., Ettor and Giovannitti are imprisoned on a charge of murder obviously trumped up against them for organising the textile workers and leading them in a successful strike.

Hayward, another speaker and working-class organizer, has been arrested on a charge of conspiring in connection with the Lawrence affair.

In West Virginia civil war is raging, battles are being fought, and troops are being freely used against workers who are driven by conditions into actual insurrection.

In one part of Louisiana, martial law has been proclaimed by a Timber Trust which recognises no government but its own and employs armed bands of roughs and gunmen to patrol the streets of its towns and the approaching country roads. It seizes union officials without warrant, shoots them if they resist, and drags them from their lawful habitations and hunts them from the towns.

In Chicago, during the recent newsboys' strike, the police force was placed at the disposal of the Newspaper Trust, and openly refused to allow the boys to sell any other than the Trust newspapers in the streets. They turned their backs while hired thugs bludgeoned the strikers.

In San Diego, anti-Socialists who style themselves "Vigilantes" walk the streets privileged to assault and maim anyone whom they dislike, and there, the editor of the "Coming Nation" tells us, 301 men have been illegally arrested and imprisoned, 89 have been assaulted and beaten by the police and Vigilantes. Two have been killed by the same agencies, 55 have been exiled from the city without legal warrant or proceedings, seven have been kidnapped, many have been subjected to indescribable tortures, the jails have been crowded to suffocation with prisoners whose only offence has been the exercise of their constitutional rights. City employees have turned the fire hose upon persons engaged in peaceful meetings, and in other ways a reign of terror has been inaugurated and has been in operation for months, while the readers of the Capitalist Press have known absolutely nothing about it.

In every part of America labor is restless, resentful, and inclined to revolt against the organised brutality of the master class.

We, in Australia, had a sample of the same Capitalist brutality at Brisbane, when, during the Tram Strike, on that never-to-be-forgotten "Black Friday," police and armed thugs bludgeoned and rode down peaceful citizens on the pavements of the main streets. There is not the slightest doubt but that the police had instructions to slaughter as many as possible on that occasion in order to overawe and cow the workers in future.

At Waihi, although the strike had been the most orderly affair of recent times, the Government of New Zealand a few weeks ago suddenly sent a large body of police there. No one at the time knew what move was on, but very soon it was found that the motive was the same as that which is evident in other parts of the world whenever there is industrial trouble. The Government, desiring to assist the employers, sent the police to provoke the strikers. Very soon after their arrival in Waihi, the men noticed that they were treated with the utmost contempt by the police bullies. Abuse, foul language, and coarse insults were hurled at the men to exasperate them, and all kinds of traps were set to catch the unwary. The men, however, were too wary and well-organised to be caught by such dodges, and the police were ordered to adopt other tactics. They summoned some fifty strikers for breaking the peace, taking especial care to have the union officials in the batch. The men were tried in batches, and the evidence showed that the charges had been trumped up merely as an excuse to get the men before a magistrate, who was "readied up" by the employers and the Government. In almost every case the magistrate ordered the strikers to enter into a bond of £10, and to find another surety of £10, to keep the peace for twelve months, the costs in each case being over £7. With two exceptions the men decided to go to jail, and to all intents and purposes the "trial" might as well have been dispensed with, and the men forcibly torn from their homes and jailed on sight.

Protest meetings are being held all over New Zealand, but the Press has entered into a conspiracy of silence, and the general public hears little or nothing of any protests.

Many other instances might be cited, did space permit, which show that the dominant parasite class is not going to give up control of industry without a desperate struggle, to be prolonged by the hiring of the thug, the hooligan, the scab, and the soldier-assassin.

Many who, hating the thought of bloodshed and the use of physical force, are hoping that the coming revolution will be a peaceful one, but when we look at the resistance of the interested and their unscrupulous use of brutal armed force, we may be forgiven if sometimes doubts arise to torment our minds. Blood is being wantonly shed over a wide area of the world's surface even now, and already the social revolution

has many martyrs. If the organized Capitalists continue the present methods it is not difficult to foresee that sooner or later the world will see the worst reign of terror that it has ever yet known. The workers are long-suffering and have been very patient, but they are awaking to the injustice of present conditions. They are demanding justice. Will that demand be met by the master class with the policeman and the drilled assassin in increasing numbers? Will battle be forced upon the worker whether they would or no? To-day it almost looks as if the ruling class in every country had determined that not without the most prolonged and bloody resistance will they submit to the new concept of right and allow a new system more human and just than the old to be inaugurated.

### Political and Industrial Bossism.

ITS RESULTS.

(By F. J. Riley.)

Year after year, conference after conference, Labour men have gathered together, first for the purpose of formulating a political platform; secondly for the purpose of devising ways and means of putting that platform into operation. The finality of which was VOTE. Vote for this or that selected individual, and all would be well. All their strength, all their resources, have been expended upon the political field, upon placing these selected candidates into Parliament to give expression to the platform built up from each successive conference. But, alas! as must always happen to any working class organisation, that only develops one wing of its fighting body, something happened to this political party. They have won, they have succeeded in placing certain selected men into power, and to-day they find their political organisation the dominant factor on the political field, but along with this they also find that now they are in power they have no method of forcing representatives to put into operation the principles upon which they were elected.

Those who worked hardest in the days of the past to elect these men have the pleasure now of seeing plank after plank of the platform jettisoned or mutilated beyond all recognition by these parliamentarians in the very House they were sent into, to put them into operation—Parliament.

Whilst this pettisoning and mutilation has been going on, the political and trades union bosses have been lulling the workers into a sense of "everything is alright, give us time," etc., that there is now such a state of dependence prevalent in the working class movement upon these so-called leaders that to speak to them of acting for themselves brings a look of amazement, of wonder.

They generally conclude that the speaker is a bit touched or is perhaps a Socialist.

It is recognised that previous to this bogus working class party coming into power the workers always manifested at least some interest in any bill that was going through Parliament that would affect their material interests. This is not so to-day. At the present time a bill is going through the State Parliament that affects every worker employed in or about mines. It is doubtful if one per cent. know that it is before Parliament, and very, very few know of the far-reaching effects that this bill could have upon the lives of the workers in the mining industry if they were organised and educated to understand their position in society.

The mouth "Vote for Labour" with brazen voices every election day. They go mad on election nights, they sing, they shout, hey hurrah, some even get intoxicated, so full are they of their of this vote madness. Yet with all this demonstration, ask them what it is all about, and they think you are a fool.

Here in Cobarr they go through all these foolish acts each election time, but now amendments are being made to the mining laws of this State hardly anyone knows a thing about it, although it concerns everyone of them. This seems too ridiculous to be true, still it is so.

Plank Eleven, Labour Party's Platform: "Amendment of the Mining Laws" has 22 clauses in it, everyone of which affects mine workers in a more or less important degree. Some are of vital importance; for instance: Clause (c) "Qualified persons only to be appointed to administer the mining laws." (e) "Greater protection to persons engaged in mining industries; inspectors to hold certificates of competency." (f) "Miners in each mining centre to elect representatives who shall be appointed inspectors." (g) "Mine owners to be compelled to maintain effective sanitary conditions in and about their mines." (i) "Amendment of the Miners' Accident Relief Act, to provide for miners who may have contracted miners' consumption or other complaints incidental to that occupation." V. "Amendment of Mines Inspection Act, to provide for the inspection of quarries."

One would think that when an Act of this class that affects everyone in this vast district was going through Parliament, the whole of the workers on the field would be on the alert to see that every clause in the Labour Party's platform was embodied in it.

This metalliferous district covers thousands of square miles, and here are hun-

dreds or small mines working with 5 to 50 men in them. Many different classes of minerals are mined, chief of which are gold, copper, silver, lead, tin; each of these ores requires special skilled knowledge in dealing with them. Skilled from a district of this kind should come the ideas that would go towards making the amended bill the most comprehensive and best in Australia; that is if the politicians were sincere in their desire to amend the Act for the betterment of the workers. But what is to be found; apathy, apathy of the worst kind. In Parliament there is one metalliferous miner capable if he were backed up by a militant industrial organisation of expressing some of the amendments that would help to make the workers' conditions better. Recently this parliamentarian, after waiting in Parliament some hours for an opportunity to speak, had the closure moved on him by another ex-coal miner, who now happens to be Minister for Mines. This was done after all the representatives of the Pitt-street miners, stock-jobbers, stock-waterers had had their say.

It is not a matter of what this individual was going to say in Parliament, for after all he was only an individual not backed up by any organisation, as is seen by the fact that in all this vast district not one word of protest has been entered by the militant labourites (a formal motion was moved by a Socialist and carried at the last A.M.A. meeting). It is truly sorrowful to think that these are the individuals that yell at a Socialist speaker, "You are trying to split the Labour vote," and to realise at the same time that these cracked-brained Labourites have not enough initiative to demand that their representative should be heard in Parliament on any matter that affects them, as all mining laws affect them that they should be consulted in the amending of them.

"Dead to rapture and despair" is the only definition that can give any idea of the state of these men.

Had these men known anything of the betterment of their industrial conditions, would they have left the whole of this important business in the hands of one or two union officials? Would they not have had mass meetings Sunday after Sunday, and discussed this Bill clause by clause for their own benefit? Would they not as a protest against the closure being moved on their representative have called a mass meeting of all men engaged in the mining industry in the district, and had a vote taken demanding that he should be heard, and if that demand not be acceded to all miners cease work for 24 hours as a protest. They did nothing. Therefore they will get the same from the amended Bill. They want everything without an effort. Their usual cry is: "We have officials, let them see to it." They are slowly realising that officials have not come up to expectations, hence the principal question they ask Socialists at street meetings is: "What will YOU do for us?" That is the question: "What will YOU do?"

However, there is a slight rift in this black, tired mass, and it is only Socialist propaganda that can widen and waken it up. The individuals are alright. It is their industrial and political education that is out of joint. This must be rectified, it rests with every progressive thinker on this field to do his part in this great work. Every "International Socialist" is a ray of light, a dozen of which costs 8d. What is wrong with taking half a dozen of these rays of light every week and distributing them into this black, intellectual mass? If you cannot afford to do it yourself, what is wrong with two or three doing it? Do it, that's the thing! What is wrong with having a dozen or two dozen Socialist posters posted to you every week and going around the town and pasting them up, so that everyone will know or at least have brought familiarly before their eyes the fact that such an organisation and its press exists? Again, what is wrong in asking your bookseller if he sells the "International Socialist"? If he does not, why not? If he does, why has he not the poster out advertising the fact, the same as he does the capitalist sheets?

Do something. Do it now, and thus urge on the day of closer industrial organisation; hurry on the day when instead of hearing that idiotic question, "What will you do?" it will be replaced with, "What can I do?" and thus end this pitiable political and industrial bossism and its result: ignorance.

### Boys Deserting.

There are strange rumours in Commonwealth Naval circles regarding the training ship Tingira.

Chatting to a "Sunday Times" representative yesterday, a man in a position to know said that the boys were deserting from the vessel at the rate of a dozen a month, but that every effort is being made to keep the matter quiet. Another statement was to the effect that if the public knew the difficulty being experienced in obtaining boys for service, it would be more than surprised.

Our informant said the position at present was a serious one, because, in spite of the wide publicity given to the requirements of the Commonwealth in the way of recruits, the ship only had a complement of something like 100 now, and it was not increasing.—"Sunday Times."



## Victorian Notes.

ANTICIPATED LOCKOUT OF 8500  
MEN.  
J. R. Wilson.

At present considerable excitement prevails in Melbourne Trades Hall circles, the cause being the decision of the Affiliated Builders' and Contractors' Association to cease work on Friday if no settlement is arrived at in regard to the dispute between the Operative Plasterers' Society and the manufacturers of fibrous plaster as to what workmen should be engaged. The association comprises master builders, master plumbers, electrical trades employers, master painters, fibrous plasterers, manufacturers, master plasterers, and master slaters. The decision was arrived at by a thoroughly representative meeting, over 300 employers of labor being present.

On the other hand, the unions affected if the decision is carried into effect are as follows: — Operative Bricklayers' Society, about 1000 members; Amalgamated Society of Carpenters, 1300; Painters and Decorators' Society, 1500; Builders' Laborers Union, 1600; Operative Plasterers' Society, 800; Plumbers and Gasfitters' Society, 800; Tilers and Slaters' Union, 150; Electrical Trades Union, 600; Operative Masons' Society, 500; Tuckpointers' Union, 100; Lathers' Union, 100. Total, 8450 members.

Whether the lockout threatened at the moment of writing will really take place remains to be seen, but one thing is certain, the determination of the employers to make common cause, with the manufacturers of fibrous plaster, ought to make even the dullest trade unionist think, as well as demonstrate clearly to those who are just beginning to understand the principles of organization as outlined by the I.W.W., that just as we find the employing class in the building trade industry linked up under the banner of the Affiliated Builders' and Contractors' Association, in other words, from their class standpoint organized according to industry! So will the modern wage-slaves require in their own interest to organize along the line of industry instead of craft, each section of industry within the One Big Union being again linked up so as to make possible (when the time arrives) the concerted action of all wage earners for the overthrow of our social economic system. That the task of building up the One Big Union with its necessary section of industry, according to the industrial development of each country, is a gigantic undertaking, no one will deny, nevertheless, stupendous as it may seem, it has got to be done, the entire system of working-class organization being entirely out of keeping with modern methods of production and distribution.

It is readily recognised by many that the constant improvements in the machines of production have been responsible for the grouping of modern wage-slaves, according to industry instead of craft, nevertheless there are quite a large number who contend that while this is true of practically all industries, the building trade industry stands out unique, in the sense that machinery has not played such a large part in it as an industry.

It is as well to admit that there are industries in which machinery plays a larger part, nevertheless there is no industry, not even the building trade industry, that has entirely escaped the influence of the machine, consequently in the building trade industry, craft distinctions count for less than ever, while skill is, as in all other branches of industrial activity, an ever-diminishing quantity.

Let us briefly consider the influence of the machine in connection with the industry in question. Taking the carpenters as a boy to commence with, I think it will be readily admitted, as far as they are concerned, most of the woodwork used to-day is turned out by machinery, our modern carpenter simply doing the nailing and adjusting of same. Again, the modern house painter knows, in many cases, practically nothing about the blending of paints; that is all done in the preparation of same; therefore, coming to his hand, the requisite colour, etc., which he simply applies to wood or iron, as the case may be. The stone-dresser, who has long congratulated himself upon his occupation being outside the realm of machinery, is at last being thrown upon the industrial scrap heap, thanks to the machine known as the stone-dresser, placed upon the market by the Woods Little Stone Dresser, Ltd., and capable, according to experts in stone work, of doing with a 12-inch wheel the work of fifty men, the hardest materials such as granite, trachite, bluestone, etc., being dressed with the greatest ease. But still that is not all. In America, the classic land of Capitalism, even the livelihood of the bricklayer is threatened, concrete being used in the building of homes and factories, the same being done by machinery, meaning unemployment for thousands, and eliminating, to a large extent, the necessity for skill; and who shall dare to say that further improvement is impossible. As a matter of fact, the impossible of to-day is the possible of tomorrow, just as the heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next. Clearly, even in the building trade, the necessity for organisation on sound economic lines is being demonstrated, if the working class are to meet on anything like an equal footing

the modern brigands of industry, in the everyday industrial struggles. That the Affiliated Builders and Contractors' Association should decide, if necessary, upon a general lockout it is in keeping with conditions, to-day being the day of the big battalions, while the lockout will doubtless be resorted to, more frequently in future by the industrial rulers of society.

Nevertheless, be of good cheer, fellow wage-slaves, the throes of revolution must necessarily seize the industrial world before the new society can be born, still we can all help to build up the structure of the new society within the shell of the old. Let us therefore concentrate our energies upon making possible the One Big Union, with its scientific grouping of all wage-workers, who, when the time arrives for decisive action, shall be in a position to declare "the general lockout of the master class!"

## The Church and Socialism.

The Churches in and around all large cities are showing signs that at last the wrong in existing conditions is commanding the earnest consideration of their members. Special conferences are being held and committees appointed by the leading Churches to inquire into labor unrest, while Socialism as a remedy for social ills is being favorably discussed by the leading speakers at synods, conferences and mutual improvement classes connected with the Churches everywhere. In Sydney, Church members are, like others, anxiously turning their attention to Socialism, and at nearly all the classes for the mutual improvement of young members papers are read and addresses delivered in favor of Socialism as the only logical and satisfactory scheme of social readjustment. In illustration of some of this work, the following extract is given from an address delivered at St. James's, Sydney, by Mr. Alex. Walker, a candidate at a mock election held by Church members. The candidate said:

"I address you as a straight-out Socialist. The reason that I emphasise this is that the parties represented by my opponents are both tarred with the same brush, inasmuch as they are class parties pure and simple. Those who have the effrontery to style themselves Liberal are out to support the money interests of the Capitalists and profit-mongers—for example, the landowners and combines, money-lenders—called for the sake of euphony, financiers and bankers, which sounds more respectable—to support the exploiters.

"The well-being of the community is frankly no concern of theirs.

The Labor Party take the field avowedly in the sole interests of the manual laborers and trades unionists at the expense of the vast majority who do not happen to be affiliated with the Trades Hall. Neither one of these parties represents the majority of workers, on the contrary only a small section. Neither Liberal nor Laborite can honestly claim to legislate successfully for the community at large. Now, this is just the very objective we Socialists have in view.

"Disabuse your minds: we have no desire to assassinate or to blow anybody up with dynamite. We have no desire to force the industrious, thrifty, and sober to work for and maintain the profligate, thriftless, and idle: but we are going, under Providence, to destroy the present iniquitous system under which the few wax fat by exploiting the lives of the many. We are going to make the health and happiness of the multitude more precious in the eyes of the law than the unearned increment of the few.

Now, the prizes and honors are showered upon those who produce nothing, and the only reward offered to those who work the hardest is an old-age pension if they live long enough to obtain it. We are out to bring more sunshine into the lives of the people. To see that every man shall earn what he gets and also get what he earns. We are out to banish sickness and unemployment. We are out to replace Capitalistic competition, which results in so much misery for so many, by happiness and a sufficiency of reasonable comfort for our entire population.

Finally, we are going to replace the present-day Christianity of the Churches—which apparently sides with the rich man against his poorer neighbor—by putting into practical application to our everyday life the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, who gave us the finest exposition of Socialism ever expounded—the Gospel of Love.

Before submitting to you our programme, I will cite a few of the glaring defects of our present social system, not, merely, in order to find fault, which is so easy, but to show how imperative it is that this system should be abolished instantly and forever.

In England to-day—and I cite England in order to apply the lesson to Australia—20 per cent of those who die are buried at the public expense. Five per cent are in receipt of relief; 350,000 families have £30 per annum, or 2/3 per week, per head. There are 1,200,000 with an average family income of £94 per annum. Thirty-five per cent of the people of London live on a family income of less than 21/- per week.

One thirtieth of the population own two-thirds of the entire national wealth, so that the other twenty-nine thirtieths only own one-third between them. Fifty-five per cent have lost their grip on decency owing to

what they call depression in trade," and 11.6 per cent. owing to sickness.

Through malnutrition, tuberculosis and other diseases are rampant, the physique of the nation is deteriorating so much that the minimum standard for the army has to be periodically lowered. Unemployment, hunger, want, and misery for countless thousands are the nett results of our present system. Remember, also, that the wealthy few automatically become richer every day. For instance, Bertha Krupp's fortune of £9,000,000 in 1909 became £14,000,000 in 1912—in Germany. In an age of unparalleled luxury 400,000 people are starving through a strike of 10,000 men, 60 per cent of whom earn less than 20/- per week. Millions of others have only a week's or a day's—as the case may be—wages between them and the hunger line.

All this is through no fault of their own, but solely on account of the environment which stifles them from the moment of their birth—nay, even from the moment of their conception. You will say that they are improvident and drunken. As well preach thrift to a man who has nothing as preach religion to a man with an empty belly.

Not alone are these crying evils existent in England, but just as much, or more so, in the great republic of America, and in every large centre where Capitalism is the social system.

If you admit this, and you must do so, for facts and the figures I have quoted cannot truthfully be contradicted, I contend that you must also admit that it is only a matter of one generation—so quickly does the world progress nowadays—before we in Australia will have a proportionately equal amount of human misery to contend with; Sydney and Melbourne will contain a million inhabitants each. Let us apply the lesson we have just learned from the old world while we have the opportunity. You may say that you see no signs of want here. I reply, ask any Woolloomooloo missionary; see any night for yourself in the Domain; ask at the Soup Kitchen. Ascertain how many families live in one room and you will have to admit that I speak the truth.

That our condition is not ever so much worse is owing to a bountiful Providence and not to Commercialism, the Liberals or the Laborites. If only for purely selfish reasons, and not because it is right; if only to save ourselves and our country, we must perforce commence now to put our house in order and build up a nation of happy men, women and children on the right lines. If we do not, Australia will of necessity pass into the keeping of more capable hands and the British Empire become merely a tradition of an inglorious past.

You may reasonably ask: 'How are you going to better this state of affairs? It is easy enough to criticise and destroy, but not so easy to build up. I will tell you. We mean to gradually control for the benefit of the community the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

I cannot emphasise too strongly that there is ample for all, but the present distribution is manifestly unfair.

Now, I appeal to you as intelligent and just men. Strike a blow for your own liberty. You are now shackled hand and foot, body and soul. Put into action the teaching of our glorious Christian religion as expounded 2000 years ago by the best man who ever lived. By mutual help let us try to be happy as our Master intends us to be, though man in his selfishness would have us not be. Let us cry: Australia is our country; to do good is our religion; Humanity is our watchword.

## NO MASTER AND NO SLAVE.

When we to-day declare for the social ownership of all socially necessary things; when we denounce the system which makes private property master of the common life; when we urge our demands that the means of the common life, produced as they are by the common labour and experience of the world, be owned in common we are more than a mere political party aiming at political supremacy.

We are the apostles of the great universal religious impulse, the faith of humanity that the brotherhood of man shall yet be universally recognised.

Thus we proclaim our faith in the highways and the byways of the world and sing it in our song. We are the heralds of the golden age of peace. 'The day is coming,' we cry, when the cannon's roar will be silenced by the peace-song of a free and gladsome world.

The day is coming, its dawning is at hand when Socialism triumphant will break down the last barrier that keeps a single child from the fullest enjoyment of the vast heritage prepared for it through long centuries of pain and toil.

The day is at hand when there shall be no man master of another's bread of life; when the words "master" and "slave" and all their hypocritical latter-day equivalents shall pass from human speech and memory.

The day is nearer than most of us think of now when the ghoulish coining of little child lives into dividenas shall cease and the tender babes be given their natural fellowship with bird and flower.

—John Spargo.

## A Prominent Man Interviewed.

CONSTABLE X.

Constable X. was on duty, but seemed anything but busy. He stood near the corner of our street and looked warily up and down the street lest an Inspector should take him unawares.

"Thought I, 'he wants an excuse for a rest; let me interview him.'"

Obeysing this thought, I walked up to him and assuming a friendly tone, said "Good day, Constable."

"Good day," he replied very readily.

"I have often thought of Constables," said I, "and being of an inquiring nature, have formulated in my own mind a theory regarding them which may be true or false. Would you set me right?"

"I will if I can," he said, with youthful candor.

"In the first place, then," I said, "I would like to know why you became a Constable."

A shade of doubt came into the eyes of Constable X., but it vanished immediately and he answered:—

"Well, it was this way. I was bred in the country and grew to a fair size. I was quite ignorant of the world and as poor as they make 'em. While I was growing up I found that work was insecure and ill-paid, and I longed for a steady job and a regular screw, so that I could settle down and make a home.

"I looked into the future, and I could see nothing but toil and little for it. I studied the different men in our town, and I came to the conclusion that our policemen had a better time than the average worker, so I determined to join to force.

"I approached our policeman and asked him to put me in the way of joining. He told me what to do, and wound up by advising me not to join.

"I took no notice of his advice, and made a successful application, and here I am."

"So it was want of knowledge and poverty that sent you into the force?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"And how do you like it now you are in?" I asked.

"No good to me," he replied. "I was contented until I had to run a young woman in. Since then I have never liked the job. Lord! but she did make me feel small."

"How?"

"Oh, she told me that I had hired myself out to be a bully, a spy, a tyrant, and a traitor to my own class. She said: 'You find that your uniform carries weight and gives you absolute power over the lives of the poor and the unfortunate, and that you can overawe even some whose position is much above your own, but both poor and rich despise you. You find that your word is taken against that of honest men, and that you belong to a privileged body, every member of which will swear to anything that you swear to, and that you are expected to do the same by them. You are banded together against all other members of society. You cannot tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. You cannot refuse to commit the customary perjuries, and you dare not expose the wickedness of your superiors, or you would be broken and disgraced. You are a slave to those who use you. You dare not be a man—'

"Just then we got to the station, and I was glad to be rid of her.

"I could have stood all that and more from a man, but, great Scot! to be told it by a girl did cut."

"You know a man never likes to look small to a woman, but to tell you the truth, I've never felt the same since, and I'm going to sling it."

"But I'll have to be going," he said suddenly, remembering his job; and he strolled off.

## THE GILES CASE.

A. F. Giles, on his release from jail, wrote to the Barrier A.M.A. the following letter:—

"Dear Comrades,—I received your unexpected, but nevertheless acceptable, letter of congratulation. Acceptable, not because I wish any praise for what I have done, but by receipt of this letter I know that at least some of the unionists of the Barrier are opening their eyes to the fact that militarism in any shape or form always has been and always will be a menace and a curse to organised Labor. I feel sure if the unionists of the Barrier will only study this infamous Act, they will be come as convinced and determined as I am that it should be immediately repealed. Fellow unionists, I will never arm at the behest of the master class to murder members of my own class, not even as one of Senator Pearce's legalised murderers, no matter what the cost or suffering may be to me. Better that I and mine should suffer now than thousands should suffer in years to come, when with shame and regret I would have to recall my apathy and cowardice, and that of the men of to-day, who dared not to fight this Act and free their sons from shame and bloodshed. Fellow unionists, assist in this fight by voting 'Yes' to the question: 'Are you in favor of wiping out the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act?' Vote Yes!

"I remain, yours in unity.

"A. F. GILES.

"Broken Hill, 1st October, 1912."



## The Socialist Postbag.

**Ostris (Cowra):** Dear Comrade, please find enclosed a £1 note, which you may use as you best think.

I think I can help most in the money line as I live in the bush and come in contact with very few people.

Life would be very dull, indeed, if it were not for the "International Socialist," which I am always pleased to get.

Best wishes from yours fraternally,

**Ostris** donation comes at a very opportune time. The Press Fund languishes, while enemies sit round praying for the death of the paper like so many crows sitting on trees round a dying traveller. If a few more were to follow our Comrade's example and send in a little financial assistance now and then, we could devote more time to propaganda matter and less to keeping the crows at bay, and this would benefit not only those who are saddled with the heavy responsibility of keeping the paper going, but also all who like Ostris look forward from week to week for the paper's coming with its message of hope for the future and good cheer for the present. If the "International" went down there would be widespread regret, and probably those who would feel it most would be those who "are always intending to send something to the press fund but put off doing it." Don't hesitate any longer. The shilling that is "burning a hole in your pocket" should be sent in at once, along with the usual letter cheering us on in the fight. We like to get the letters, for it is always pleasing to the man in a fight to know that there are others who will stand behind him to the last round, but in this fight everyone can do something, if it is only to get an occasional sub., or distribute an eight penny bundle now and then. Do something, and do it now.

**J.B. (Adelaide):** "By the way, I must congratulate the staff on having so greatly improved the paper of late."

**J.B.** thus compresses in one short sentence what many correspondents are saying in much longer ones. The universal opinion is that the paper is continually improving. It's correspondents and contributors are being widely quoted abroad, and it is keenly scanned by those who are eager to find out how the fight against militarism and industrial exploitation is going. Several further improvements are necessary, but while the spirit is willing the "staff" is weak. Our readers can help us to remedy this, for every reader can join the "staff" and do something towards bringing the paper out in an improved style. Every reader should find out how he or she can best help, and then set about doing it immediately.

Dear Comrade,—Of late much criticism has been levelled against the Australian Socialist Party and questions challenging it to justify its existence have been hurled at its members. We are told that the A.S.P., believing not in Parliamentary action, should of necessity become allied to or merge into the I.W.W.

To many who do not trouble to think or who cannot think this seems decidedly logical, but there are others.

If it can be proved that the A.S.P. is an organisation having greater scope than a limited industrial organisation, then the absurdity of trying to embody the greater by the less will be apparent.

All industrial organisations are limited. They have definite interests, and that being so, they will try and eliminate or crush any particular propaganda which, although possibly of worth as a means of general enlightenment, will have a disruptive effect on the development of their particular organisation.

Now, Socialists are aware that ideas spring from material conditions and that the ideas of one period may linger on, albeit those conditions have changed, and so act as a retarding force against the spread of revolutionary principles. To-day many workers hold fast to conceptions of morality, religion, law, etc., which belong to a period of the past, and it is part of the work of the A.S.P. to dispel those slavish ideas and so prepare the ground for a reception of revolutionary principles. Propaganda of this nature raises us beyond the limited confines of those organisations which are compelled by their economic (?) interests to prohibit the active discussion of such ideas.

A study of various economic organisations will show that although at the outset revolutionary and eager to attack Capitalism in all its manifestations, gradually there creeps in an element which disparages open attack and seeks to narrow down the field of propaganda in order to draw into the organisation men who have hitherto been repelled by the attacks of the revolutionary section. This perhaps is inevitable, and if so the greater necessity for the free and continued existence of a party untrammelled by interests that weaken and are ever ready to attack Capitalism at every point.

Yours for the whole work,

GORDON BROWN.

Mankind are the greater gainers by suffering each to live as seems good to himself than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—JOHN STUART MILL.

## A.S.P. News & Notes.

### Melbourne Branch A.S.P.

Another week has come and gone, during which the red flag of Socialism has been kept flying. The week's activity, commencing with propaganda meeting at South Melbourne and Collingwood. The weather unfortunately was far from suitable for outdoor oratory, nevertheless both meetings were well attended, and the sales of literature fairly good. On Saturday evening J. R. Wilson attended at the Vieren Vorwärts (having been invited to do so some weeks previously), and gave an address on the attitude of the Socialist movement towards the trade unions. The address was highly appreciated, and there was some excellent discussion, while quite a number of questions were asked and disposed of. On Sunday afternoon the usual Yarra Bank meeting was held. Alf Wilson, who has just returned from Tasmania, was the principle speaker, holding the ear of a large audience as he laid bare the terrible conditions prevailing at the Mount Lyell mines.

In the evening there was a large muster at the party headquarters, when Mrs. McDonald spoke on Our Solar System and Beyond, upwards of 16 slides of a very fine character being used to illustrate. The congregational singing lent to the charm of the evening, while the choir rendered Softly Falls the Shades of Evening in splendid style, being heartily applauded.

A. Victor reports the attendance at the Sunday School as exceptionally large, also that at last Sunday School meeting four children were dedicated to Socialism, in the presence of many adults. On Monday, 14th, the fifth monthly dance of the party will be held at the Protestant Hall, Exhibition-street, when a large attendance is anticipated, while on Wednesday, October 23rd, the first annual ball of the party will be held at the Oddfellows' Hall, Latrobe-street.

Members are asked to make a note of dates, also to invite their friends to attend same, hereby assisting the party funds.

The following are the speakers at the party headquarters for the next three Sundays:—October 20: J. R. Wilson. Subject, "The Industrial Battles of Australia." October 27th: P. Laidler. Subject to be announced. November 3rd: H. J. Cruickshank. "The Class Struggle." J. R. Wilson will also deliver an address before the Trades Hall Council on Thursday, 24th. Subject, Industrial Organisation.

All the other activities of the party continue to forge ahead. This week we increase the order for "International Socialist," owing to demand for same having increased. The Anti-Militarist Post Cards were all disposed of on Sunday evening, and twelve dozen have been ordered for the incoming Sunday. A large supply of pamphlets is also about due from America, and when same come to hand it is the intention of propagandists to invade the various suburbs.

There has also been another slight increase in our membership, while it is pleasing to note that nearly all members are fully paid up. During the next week the remainder of the 20,000 leaflets will have been disposed of from door to door, and another suburb will then be mapped out for operations.

J. R. WILSON, Hon. Sec.

### Westralia.

The Perth Socialist Party, as it was once known, has developed into a sort of quasi-Liberal-cum-Labor-Fakirion. One can hardly imagine anyone calling themselves a socialist remaining in the party.

Comrades will be surprised to learn of this party's attitude towards the "International" Socialist. For some time prior to the formation of the W. A. Socialist party Monty O'Dowd used to sell the paper, and I used to buy it and sell it also. When the party was started, twelve months last June, Mrs. Gibson and self sold the paper regularly every week, and have kept the sales going practically ever since.

When I took up the librarianship of the party last January, I did all I could to boom the paper, and we succeeded in selling 16 dozen weekly. When "Dawnward" was started in the beginning of July, O'Dowd, the self-appointed editor, with Ben Jones the secretary, would have dropped all other papers straight away if I had consented, but I wasn't having any. They became very indignant, and at the meeting held on Saturday, September 14, outside Perth Railway Station, when they saw Mrs. Gibson selling the International, Chairman Griffiths announced from the platform that the paper was being illegally sold. Again, on Sunday, September 15, when P. Hickey lectured in the King's Hall, on Arbitration in New Zealand, I was present and was selling the "International" and the "Maoriand Worker." Prior to the lecture, Monty O'Dowd mounted the platform and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have an announcement to make. An irresponsible individual is selling a paper called the 'International Socialist' here this evening without the authority of the party."

I could not allow an action like that to pass, so I rose and said: "Fellow workers;

the 'International Socialist' referred to this evening is the same paper which the W. A. Socialist Party has been selling for over 12 months, and which I have sold during the whole of the time I was Librarian, and on which profits were made and handed to that party. Further, I was more surprised to find that a party calling themselves a socialist party would adopt such an attitude. "This paper," I said, holding it up, "is a true working class paper, published in the interests of the workers for the purpose of educating them on class-conscious lines, and I intend to keep on selling it in spite of all opposition."

On taking my seat the audience clapped, thus showing their approval of the paper and their disgust at the attitude of Monty O'Dowd who spoke as the mouth-piece of the party.

In future all readers here may obtain the "International Socialist" from T. Gibson, Sec. and Librarian, at all meetings, and at 32 Parry-street, E. Perth, W. A.

Rest assured that we will do our best to push the "International" for all it is worth, and to my way of thinking it is worth a lot.

Yours for the revolution,

T. GIBSON.

### Port Pirie.

A smoke Social was held on September, 28, at the Port Pirie Hotel, under the auspices of the Port Pirie branch of the Australasian Socialist Party. The arrangements were under the direction of the secretary of the branch, Comrade Chas. Cesare, and were highly successful. Les Roberts occupied the Chair, and gave the toast of "Confusion to the Capitalist," which was drunk enthusiastically, the comrades following it up by singing "When the Loafer is Somewhere Down Below." Comrade Cesare sang the "Red Flag," and roused the company to great enthusiasm. Others who contributed items were: Messrs Y. Quinn, G. Greenas, F. Keepart, L. Roberts, V. Dormer, A. Robertson, and E. Roebuck. A very pleasant evening was spent, and in closing the Chairman remarked that the thanks of the party were due to Host Cavenett for the splendid way in which he had assisted them—20 new members joined at the close of the social.

### Brisbane.

We had a fairly good meeting on Friday night at Gipp-street. I had the chair. Meehan, Beadnell, and Martens did the talking, and we sold a good amount of literature.

On Saturday night C. W. Beadnell had the chair at William-street, and Martens again held forth. He had the meeting to himself, and spoke for well over an hour on Social Economics. Good sale.

Andy Anderson lectured in the Rooms, Stanley-street, on Sunday evening on "The Relation of Christianity to the Working Class." The speaker dealt lucidly with the subject, showing that from the time of Constantine, when Christianity became the State Religion of Rome, it ceased to be a working class movement. He traced the development of the Church, paying particular attention to the religious wars of the European peasantry, and proved that right up to the present the Church has been the enemy of the working class and the chief weapon and tool of Capitalism in their subjection. His lecture created a very lively discussion, most of the speakers giving testimony to the manner in which they were saved from the snares of theological dogma. Comrade Welsby, from Ipswich, stated he still believed in some higher spiritual power, and said he would still believe until such time as science proved that it was possible to create life without supernatural power. He very evidently had never studied Haeckel on Evolution.

The Australian Labour Federation here in Brisbane has sent a cable to the President of the U.S.A. and one to the Governor of Mass. protesting against the attempted assassination of Comrades Ettore and Giovanni, for which they are entitled to the thanks of all good unionists and Socialists. It showed they are beginning to realize the Internationality of Labour and are awakening to the cry of the Industrial Unionist. "An injury to one is an injury to all." There has been no mention made here up to date of the appeal by the Young Socialist Party of Sweden and the Central Organisation of Swedish Workers for a boycott of all American goods, and to the transport workers to refuse to touch vessels or goods until such time as Comrades Ettore and Giovanni shall have been released. Let us hope the transport workers of Australia will take steps in that direction before it is too late. If they will not assist in the effort to save the lives of two innocent men, whose only crime was the leading of the Lawrence strikers to victory, they deserve the contempt and condemnation of all who have the interest of the working class at heart. Now where is the Executive Council of the Waterside Workers? Are you up and doing? What do you say, Federated Carters? Is the Seamen's Union alive or dead? Wake up! Wake up! The workers of the world call on you to unite with them to save from the death chair of Capitalism two of the bravest hearts that ever led the working class to victory. Let us act—not pray.

Yours for Revolution and the right to strike,

EDW. H. BRADY.

### Sydney.

Comrade Tom. Glynn spoke to a full house on Sunday night on "Politics and Militant Unionism," and contended that the world's Parliamentary Socialist Parties were tending towards State Socialism, and as a consequence the danger was great of a Bureaucracy being formed whose centralised power would be greater than the power now held by various Capitalist institutions. This Bureaucracy would be an enemy whom the workers would have to fight. He said that the American Socialist Party by their action at the last conference in placing in the constitution a clause declaring against sabotage, were acting as a capitalist police force within the Socialist movement. Respect for capitalist property by a revolutionary body was an anomaly. The Socialist Parliamentary Party had no remedy but the barricades were the capitalists to refuse recognition of the parliamentarians. The I.W.W. had a remedy. By organising the workers in the various industries they were preparing for that time when the workers having become intelligent would be able to take over and manage industry in the interests of the workers.

Discussion followed the lecture, and Comrade Glynn in reply effectively dealt with the criticism of his address.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 20, Comrade Blanc will lecture on "Tactics."

### Leichhardt-Anandale.

Things were lively at our meeting on Sat. night but in spite of the opposition we spoke and sold the paper.—Young. Sec.

### Balmain.

Successful meetings were held here on Sat. and Sunday nights, when good speeches and good sales of literature were the rule.

### Balgownie.

Comrades Gordon Brown and F. J. Riley will deliver addresses from the balcony of the Balgownie Hotel, Sat. Oct. 19, at 7.30.

### Ettor and Giovannitti.

The movement in favor of our imprisoned comrades is spreading to all countries. Meetings of protest have been held in nearly all countries and the resolutions passed have been sent to President Taft and the Governor of Massachusetts. The Defence Committee at Lawrence is publishing constant reports of the movement, and an extensive campaign in the whole of the States is being carried on by experienced speakers.

### Press and Maintenance Fund.

Already acknowledged £24 19s. 5d. Collected at Club Social 10s 2d, "Ostris" Cowra, £1, M. Sch, 1s, J. H. Corbett, 1s, M. Brennan, Queensland, 1s, Total £26 12s. 7d.

### Sydney Propaganda Fixtures.

#### SATURDAY.

Rozelle—M. Moore, Bowen, Talbot. Leichhardt—Young, and Knight. Newtown—Duffield, Walsh, Kilburn. Bathurst-street—Condren (Chair), Chamberz, Quinton.

#### SUNDAY.

Afternoon: Dom-in, Jones, Shale, Willis. Evening: Market-street—Green (Chair), Jones, Shale, Quinton.

Balmain—C. Moore, Talbot, Nelson. Newtown—Duffield, Walsh, Kilburn. Sunday Evening, Oct. 20, Socialist Hall, Park-st. Comrade Blanc will deliver a lecture on "Tactics."

#### WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.

Economics Class.

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### Melbourne Branch

Australasian Socialist Party,

272 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Lectures held at above address every Sunday evening at 7.30. Meetings held also at Collingwood and South Melbourne every Friday evening. Members' Dance held every Saturday, commencing at 8 p.m.

J. R. WILSON, Secy.

### Sydney Branch.

Australasian Socialist Party,

37 PARK STREET, SYDNEY.

Lectures are delivered at the above address every Sunday and Wednesday evening, with musical and vocal items. Commencing at 8 p.m.

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